

The second part, To the same tune.



Honest Hugh, Tom, Will and Harry,
they will toyne their money round,
Kate, Nan, Bessie and bounding Mary,
will not shrinke, but still are sound.
They are Lads and honest Lasses,
that to each others are kinde,
They sing & roare, breake pots and glasses,
when their heads are tipsy with wine.

Some mens wines will byztole & twangle,
if their husbands spend a pot,
But my selfe I will intangle,
with a Lasse to pay my shot.
I doe hate these base conditions
of a denillish scolding Queane,
Jealous heads haue had suspicion,
you may thinke or I mean.

Women kinde, let me intreat you,
that you will not byztole and scold,
For it makes your husbands beat you,
some men will not be controuled,
Therefore rest your selues contented:
best I hold it so to be:
In your minds be not tormented:
but take part as well as he.

Soe thinke it is a wooldy pleasure,
for to haue a wife proue kind,
Tis a toy beyond all measure,
I my selfe the same doe finde.
I had a scolding creature,
I should neuer merry be,
Sue I many times should beat her,
with her I could not agree.

Capster, come and take thy reckoning,
tell me kindly what's to pay,
Yet Peeces in my pockets rattling,
bidde me longer here to stay,
Come bring a pipe of good Tobacco,
let it be the very best,
Whats the thing that here we take so,
then come drinke with vs thy guests.

Hang by sorowlo, I can borrow
money for to buy two pots,
Who can say to lme to morrow:
then let's neuer sit like sots.
When I haue spent away my money,
I will goe and worke for more,
And I haue a kinde sweet hony
that sometimes will pay my score.

He that hath abundant treasure,
hence shall nothing beare a way:
Then let's take some part of pleasure,
drinke and sing and frolic pay.
Whil' our time and moneys lasteth,
let's not proue Curmudgeon boyes,
Time indeed away it hasteth:
come let's goe and pay our scores,

Thus for to conclude my Ditty,
hæres a health to all true blades,
Rememb'ring, Kate, Nell, Sis, and Betty,
and all other kinde true Spawdes:
I loue Meg, Nan, Alice, and Mary,
Jane, and Ione, and my fine Doll,
With Winifred, and my sweet Sara.
Thus, kinde hearts, I leave you all.